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345,468 WORLDS

UNIMPEACHABLE TESTIMONY.

May 7th, 1889. After a thorough examination of the Circulation books, Press and Mail Room Reports and Newsdealers' Accounts of the NEW YORK WORLD, also the accupied bills from various Paper Companies which apply the NEW YORK WORLD, as well as the indorsed cheeks given in payment therefor, we are convinced, and certify, that there were PRINTE and ACTUALLY CIRCULATED during the Month of March, 1889, a total of TEN MILLION SEVEN HUN-DRED and NINE THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED and TWENTY (10,709,520) COMPLETE COPIES OF THE

W. A. CAMP, Manager N. Y. Clearing-House. Q. B. BALBWIN, President American Loan and T. Co. THOS. L. JAMES, President Lincoln Wational Bank.

31) 10, 709, 520 (345,468 Average Number of WORLDS Printed Daily during the Month of March last was 345,468.

Average Number of WORLDS Printed Daily 342,206.

LET THERE BE DARKHESS.

How long must this horror go on? How any innocent, honest, helpless men must he tertured to death before the law shall be fulfilled? How tong shall crowds of people, with blanched faces and sick hearts, stand in the city streets watching men fried and Nizzled alive upon the electric gridirons in mid-air? Is New York one great inquisition chamber?

The sight which for an hour was yesterday held before thousands of eyes at the corner of Chambers and Centre streets was a horrible emphasis of Mayor GRANT's ringing edict delivered the day previous to the electric light companies. It was the nauseating. blood-cardling climax to a long series of what have been politely termed "accidents." They are nothing of the kind. They are orimes -- crimes against the law, crimes against human pity, crimes whose perpetrators have gone on committing them in the face of inceasant warning.

What was the motive? Gain. Who are the guilty ones? The officers of the electric pionships at the hurdles recently, is an adept at light companies, who to save the pairty cost of compliance with the law, have ignored the notices served upon them that they were in constant violation of it. They have been bold and brazen in their neglect, and who is paying the penalty? Not they.

Whose lives and whose sufferings have been given in exchange for their nasty gains? Not

There is no excuse these men can offer. To shunt from their own shoulders the burden of this swful responsibility they have set up the cry that the subways are not ready.

When we think of the sufferings of yesterday's victim, and of the seven who have precoded him within a little while, such pleading is paltry. If the subways are not ready, let us have darkness rather than this death carnival. These corporations have fattened long enough in violation of the law. Let the Mayor put a stop to it. The people

of Kew York will nold up his hands and speed him in his work, though they grope in to al darkness for a twelvemonth.

The law forbids overhead wires. Stop the currents and down with them. Somebody is guilty of yesterday's tragedy-guilty as though he had slain the unfortunate himself. Who is it?

CHE WAY OF DOING IT.

A California Indian, out of regard for his sick brother, shot and killed a no account medicine man who, while attending the patient and putting in his bill with great unctuality, failed to effect a cure.

If that summary custom should spread Eastward, what a clearing out there would be in all the schools of pill-mixers. It would step the wrangling of the "pathies" in a harry, and, the chances are, save ten lives for every one it took.

THE UNPAILING REPORT.

Now, when every voice in Virginia is crying "Down with MAHONE," and every heart in Virginia is full of hope that the Boss may be dethroned, there is a clinking and a clank ing. The Republican enginery of boodle. motior of so many forlorn hopes, has been ordered thither by President BEN and is being unlimbered, and Quay is in command. Fate may emile yet on BILL MAHONE, as HARmanon has done,

We have heard in song and story of the One of the necklaces is worth \$600,000. Amb's desert steed, of the charger as'r de which the Crusader rode to the holy wars

Put away all those poesies. We live in an age of dollars and sense, and the trotter Axtell is the greatest horse ever foaled. He brought \$105,000 yesterday.

The gas reservoir of Republican campaign orators in Ohio has collapsed in a night. MURAT HALSTEAD has withdrawn his charges Gold Double Eagle Offered for the against the Democratic candidate, and admits that in pronouncing them he went off half primed.

MURAT has been groggy ever since that Judge Gildersleeve Will Award the Senatorial cross-counter in the Berlin business. The Republicans of Ohio will be content to have him stand off in his corner and spar for wind.

Just to think that he should need it.

BARNUM sailed for England to-day with his big show. Dollars to doughnuts he has the Prince of Wales trying to ride the trick mule. and Queen Victoria playing fat lady on a platform in the museum of wonders, within a week after he lands. These foreign potenintes want to lie low while PHINEAS is in their midst.

A Detroit jury, investigating corruption in the City Council, subpossed four judges of the Circuit Court. In the West a man in ermine is a man just the same. That is, if

British miners in national conference are erying for an eight-hour day. There are American miners no further West than Illi nois who will not ask for shorter days if they can get enough for themselves and families

BOULANGER says he was willing to suffer defeat to save France from a revolution. Now France is rather partial to revolution, but she was not willing to swallow Boulanden again, even for the sake of having one.

SPOTLETS.

A blue law has been resurrected which may closall the Boston bars. It is suspected that this is part of the anti-Sullivan-for-Congress movement.

in a small way and turning over her money whenever she saw a good opportunity.

It is said that some one, recognizing the lady's business ability, became interested with her in her deals, but how ver that may be, on the ist of December, 1887, she was in a position to buy the Robert and Fith street corner from the Davidsons, and the dea was made on that day. The amount she pad was \$115,000, so that in less than two years she has realized a profit of \$35,000.

Miss Stowell resides at the Merchants' Hotel, and persons who have any business relations with her say they never met a woman more thoroughly conversant with bus ness So Maryland politicians fought their duel with fists, and the man who had first smashed a slate than smashed his opponent's face.

The fourteen good shots of the Squirrel Club, o Galway, Saratoga County, have just alaughtere over 8,000 of the innocents at their annual hunt.

The Caar was interested in the phonograph, bu was careful not to fill it with explosive remarks.

Mr. Stewart, of Harlem, has a brass ring, a plated watch and the memory of a valuable bunco man, at in place of his own valuables. The exchange was effected under cover of the swindler's loquacity

Saratoga County's new conundrum is, "Why didn't they?" The old one was a query whether th Grand Jury, then in session, would indict the gam bling-house men at the Springs.

Though not from every trouble free, At least we're free from some: The fites have almost gone and the Mosquitos coase to hum.—Boston Courier. Lancaster, Ohto, had the novelty, Thursday night of seeing trotting races by natural gaslight.

ence of 22,000 people.

The municipal government and the Exposition authorities voted \$60,000 expenses to A Canadian jury has desgreed in the case of a sition authorities voted \$60,000 expenses to get up the enter-ainment, not a cent of which went to the author, who gave her services Irish parents, and naturalized after the war of 1870, is also the composer of other celebrated works, such as "Lutece ies Argonauts" and "Irlande Pro Patra."

The "Triumphal Ode" illustrates in music and verse the national glories and resource-

Pierre (S. Dak.) lots were sold by moonlight re cently. Real estate booms are often moonshiny.

ATHLETES IN REPOSE.

E. C. Carter, the official handicapper of the A. A. U., is quite a bowler. He has also a strong penchant for game chickens, and has many fine specimens of game fowl at his Jersey farm.

C. T. Wiegrand, who won the Eastern States Cham-

"Billy " Roberts, of the Brooklyn Athletic Club. "richic fiend," owing to his having won so many prizes at richic games. He is a brillian

perferme on the piano. Tommey Conneff is considerable of a journalist He was formerly on the staff of the Dublin Sport, He is also the author of a series of articles on athleti which attracted much attention. He ha been in business constantly in a downtown office since the second day he landed on these shores.

W. De Forrest Bostwick, the official reporter at the newspaper boys. He is an admirer of boxing and manly sport of all kinds.

FASHION'S FOIRI FS.

Miss Marian Edison, the sixteen-year-old daughter of the famous inventor, is a slight, slender, graceful girl, with bright brown eyes and sepia brown hair. Her manners are beautiful, and she has the air and ease of a mature woman. For the last two years she has been studying in Paris. She speaks four languages, is a very fair musician, and uses a pencil like a draughtsman. She received her frat training from a governess, special teachers were afterwards secured to instruct her in the rudiments, and as a result there is not a trace of the mannish in her manner of thought or action.

The queens of Bohemia, who dote on receiving in the half lights that beautify some annex or alcove off the drawing-room, tinge their ears, fips and cyclids with marcon red rouge. The effect is quiet Oriental and correspondingly bewitching.

Only the girl with the Daphne head and Corinthian ontour should essay the eiffel coffur-

A serrentine necklace is the jewel for a woman with

POLITICAL ECHCES.

John C. Dodd, who essayed to be the leader of the conganized Fifth District Republicans, fell under the displeasure of Mr. Theodore Allen, and as a result is "outside the breastworks." The primary in that district was held last night, and Allen swept all before him and installed Audley J. Mooney as the

It is asserted that Col. John Wesley Jacobus has een assured that he will succeed Gen. Martin T. McMahon as United States Marshal, on the expiration of the latter's term of office next December. #As was predicted by THE EVENING WORLD, the brewers have declared in favor of returning Senator Charles A. Stadler from the Ninth District, and the canvass of Assemblyman Edward Farker Hagan for

the seat is rendered so much more difficult. Tammany Hall delegates to the several nominating onventions were elected last evening without a hitch in the working of the well-regulated machine.

WORLDLINGS.

Mr. H. L. W. Lawson, editor of the London Tele graph, is a fine-looking man, smooth shaven and ap-parently not much more than thirty years of age. In addition to his editorial duties he is a men

Mrs. Leland Stanford is said to have the caluable private collection of diamonds in the world.

The richest woman in Wisconsin is Mrs. Alexander Mitchell, whose husband left her an estate which the Crussder rode to the holy wars worth many millions. She is the widow of the late and of fleet hor.e of the plains darting President of the Milwaukee and St. Faul road.

along like a sunbeam with a whooping Aborigine across his back. HUNTING STORIES, CLARA BELLE LETTER

A Great Opportunity for Yotaries of The Lady Cashier Carefully Pictured and Analyzed.

the Gun.

Best Hunting Story.

Prize.

Another of "The Evening World's"

Timely and Popular Contests.

THE EVENING WORLD hereby opens a hunting

Ash story contest created a great deal of interest,

and tales of adventure with dog and gun will

prove no less entertaining. The prize-a double gold eagle-well be given for the best hunting

story submitted.

Judge Henry A. Gildersleers, who is a great

unternan himself, has sousented to act as judge

They may be as short as the authors desire, but

must not exceed 200 words in length. The most interesting of the contributions will be published.

All competitors should address, Hunting Story

Contest, THE EVENING WORLD, New York City.

This is a great opportunity for the story-telling

A YANKER SCHOOLMARM'S SUCCESS.

She Saved All Her Earnings and Invested

Them in Paying Real Estate.

Miss Ida Stowell, the lady who sold the

southeast corner of Robert and Fifth streets

last week for \$150.000, furnishes a striking

example of "the woman in real estate," says

example of "the woman in real estate," says the St. Faul Pioneer Press. She is one of the few ladies who within the last few years have made large sums of money in the Northwest by operating in lots and lands.

She came to this city from the East several years ago and obtained a position as teacher in one of the public schools at a salary such as is usually paid for such services. Having a keen business instinct, she invested her savings indiciously in real estate, beginning in a small way and turning over her money whenever she saw a good opportunity.

more thoroughly conversant with bus ness methods or more fully alive to her business

PARIS'S LATEST LION.

Mile. Augusta Holmes New the Larest Lion

of Paris.

a Paris letter to the Putsburg Press, is Mile.

Augusta Holmes, the composer of the

"Triumphal Ode," which was recently ren-dered in that vast building, the Palais do l'industrie, with 1,200 per ormers, 800 of whom were ins rumentists, before an audi-

of France, the success of the Exposition, nagnifies the Republic and bints openly at the recovery of the lost provinces.

A huge stage was erected with marble steps

seating up to it, somewhat a ter the engrav-ngs of the Fetes de la Federation. M. Colonne directed the band and chorus.

LOUISVILLE'S QUEEN OF BEAUTY.

Sense by Making Her Own Dresses.

The queenly beauty of Miss Barbour Bruce

on the night of the carnival is still, and will

be for some time, says the Louisville Post,

tume was a supern inspiration—at least those who ought to know, the ladies, say it was.

HIS WIFE HELPS HIM.

Blacksmith Holman's Wife Helps Him a

the Forge and Wields a ledge-Hammer.

One of the most independent couples in

falbot County are Mr. and Mrs. Holman, who

live in the aputheast corner of the county, near Howard, says the Macon (Ga.) Telegraph:

Mr. Holman is engaged at present as a farmer and a blacksmith, and he is a smith of more than ordinary skill. When he need a striker his wife faces him at the anvit and

STOLEN RHYMES.

Charity Begins at Home.

She went round and maked suta riptions For the heathen black Egyptians And the Terra del Fuegans, She did.

For the tribes 'round Athabases, And the men of Madagascar. And the poor souls of Alaska, Eo she did.

How she loved the cold Norwegian And the poor halt-medical Feedian. And the dear Malacia Islander: She did.

She sent tine of red tomato. To the tribes beyond the equator, But her hustend sie potato, So he did,

The poor, belpiess, hoveless thing (My voice fasters as I sing). Tied his clot. es ur with a string, Yes, he did.

The Song of the Tramp.

I stather here and there a rice,
And here and there a biscuit:
I snatch a spoon when no one's by,
It always a a to risk it.
I skeek a noon where waters flow
To soothe the weary comer.
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on all Summer.

tide beneath the rushing freight from Lusten to Chicago;

ir vim busten to Chicago;
I watch seek change to descerate
The box of wells & Fargo
I eine and whistle as I go.
Novamber'li find me louely,
Fet is Novamber falls the snow—
I walk in Summer only.

She longed, she said, to buy Jelly cake and law and pie. For the Anthropophagi, So she did

constant striker.

The lion of the present hour at Paris. says

and award the prize.

disciples of Nimrod.

utest as a timely and interesting feature. The

Some Echoes From the Interior of a Beauty Shop.

Gray Hair Very Fashionable and Surprisingly Expensive.



as many lady cashiers as there are in the city of Paris. At least I think there are as many; for although there is not a wine shop or cafe in the French capital which is unsupplied with one of these highly interesting objects of decoration exist without soda water, while the enormous ness of this business with us, a lady cashier going to each fountain, swells the domestic aggregation of lady cashiers to incalculable pro-

The finest soda-water fountains and the finest sody-water lady cashiers in New York are grouped, within a comparatively small area about the City Hall sonare. There are wonderful places in the shopping districts uptown, of course, but in point of size and magnificence the downtown fountains are unparalleled, and the lady cashiers, who handle their enormous revenues, are unspeakably more distinguished than the best specimens that Sixth avenue and upper Broadway afford. I sat half an hour on a settee yesterday, and studied one of the speci-

I use the word "distinguished" advisedly, as the lawyers say of a hard name when they want to rub it in. Nearly all lady cashiers are beautiful, but when it comes to language, bearing. facial expression and all that, there are last cashiers and lady cashiers. The City Hall Square lady cashiers-I may use the somewhat clumsy term for the purpose of Incid differentiation-have hauteur, a London accent and manicured finger-nails. They are duchesses, every one, in all that is concerned with outward form. I do not think that they are really English. they are so remarkably pretty, but their breeding has been accomplished upon the most unmistakable and the top-loftiest English lines. It is quite terrible for a diffident man to be oblized to pass in the price of a glass of soda water to them as they sit so wonderfully and awfully in their splendid wicker-work cages. seems so bold, so vulgarly intrusive and offen-

sive, to lay a nickel down upon the glass plate before them and shove the mean little thing in upon their leveliness and privacy. I suspect that many a poor devil has given up his sodawater drinking through sheer lack of courage o face the terrors of this sort of thing. Do you not know, oh, diffident male reader.

precisely the sensation? Have you not felt the panic stealing over you as you have stood before the soda-water lady cashier and handed in your five-cent piece? To see her behind her vase of deep red roses calmly reading a novel printed in large text in a broad, pure margin; to behole her attention distracted by the base click of your paltry coin; to suffer the slow, contemptuus sweep of her eyes from her book to your money and the somewhat spatulous digit behind t; to hear the deliberate music of her bangle as she wearily lifts her hand; to see her own rosy, taper, perfectly cared for finger descend warily and fearfully upon the money, as though it had the small-pox, and send it with a quick, sharp flip jingling into the drawer; and hen to observe her renew her novel without even so much as a glance at your own interesting face-do you know anything, oh, diffident reader, that has ever sent you down further and with a colder and more hopeless humiliation into your boots? And you scrubbing your mus tache with feverish zeal all the while, in order that when the proud and peerless creature looked you over she might discover no froth upon it !

be for some time, says the Louisville Post, the subject of conversation, but there is one thing not yet told which reflects great credit upon this lady.

The gown she wore is said to be the finest conception of its kind ever seen here: original, striking, rich and most appropriate for the occasion. It it had been ordered from the East the cost would have run into many hundred dollars, but it was made right here at home, and by Miss Bruce herself.

It has been told of her for several years, however, that her art and taste in dressmaking are of the highest order. but the ball costume was a superp majoration—at least those But for curious commercial ladies you need to go, as a girl friend and I did, to one who keeps s beauty shop, and coins money from the sale of her hair restorers, freckie lotions and bloom of youth powders. She was slim, tall and young. with bleached hair, a complexion done up in arsenic a pair of cor-ets tight enough to squeeze her respiratory organs, and a mole on her left cheek from which a tiny bunch of hairs sprouted in harmless luxuriance. Oh, yes; she could re move superflous hair without pain or difficulty. "But why don't you remove the ! air from the

mole on your face ?" I asked. 'Oh, I could readily enough." she replied; but don't you know it's bad luck? My, yesworse than biting your finger nails. Why, I souldn't be induced to remove those hairs. wouldn't dare touch them. But you ee there is no hair on my lip, or about my temp es and side face, as there is on yours. If there was I should have it taken off at once.

wields the sledge-hammer.

Mr. Holman formerly lived in Tennessee,
where he found regular employment as a
blacksmith, and his wife was his regular and The superstition about the mole didu't affect me as she intended, and I was suspicious of her goods before I saw them. She took us into what she called the laboratory. It was a dirty dark room, about fitty feet long, in the rear end of which a small boy was jazily wrapping up the preparations for the purchasers. In the bow-window was a table covered with dust and cosmetics. a couple of chairs, and two young girls on whom the goods are tried. The whitewashed madame opened a little stone jar, dipped into the contents the blade of an artist's knife, and brought out as much clay-like powder as the tip would hold. Drawing the little girl to her she pushed her sleeve up, showed us the delicate down on the smooth, round arm, and with the remark, " Now I will show you what it will do. dropped the powder on it, dipped the blade of the 'm' fe in the water, and began to paste the stuff over a space about the size of a dime. For about five minutes the waited to let the depilatory powder 'dry in, and while she waited she talked like a circular.

'All you need is the powder. Apply it as I did." she said, " and you can remove every hair rom your arm and face and hand, if you will only take the time.

' And will it grow again ?" I asked. "Ob. no."

"Then why don't you sell it to the men and drive all the barbers out of the country 7 It is certainly a quicker process than ahaving. Yes; but you see the bair on a man's face is

too wiry to be taken off with the depilatory. " But the bair on a boy's face is not wiry, and, if as you say, one application is sufficient, you could make a forture on college chins alone.

whiskers, and he shaves to make them grow. AMONG THE FUN-MAKERS. STRUCK DOWN AT HIS DESK

"No: I don't see, because the average man has no whiskers. A mustache requires all his

However, when the powder dried it was scraped off with the blunt edge of the knife. and with it every particle of hair. Grace was delighted. She cheerfully handed out \$3 for a package.
"We sell two boxes for \$5," the madame said.

"Do you want two?"
"Of course not," I ventured to dictate, "If one application will remove the hair permanently, she doesn't want to lay in a stock for "But I thought perhaps you yourself might

want a box. "No, not to-day. I will wait and see how my

friend succeeds."

That evening we tried the stuff on Grace and came near having a Sullivan and Kilrain encounter because she insisted on putting the stuff on her lip at once. It is bad enough as it is, but to invigorate the faint blonde mustache was something to be dreaded, and so, after much month and tongue athletics, Grace gave way to reason, bared her ankle, and we plastered it with the gray powder. The light bair came off when the stuff was removed. leaving about a dozen patches of vaccination mark pattern on the shapely limb. It was agreed to give the white spots a week's rest, and if at the expiration of that time the hair did not grow out again the mustache was to be pow dered, and the botherrome scolding locks about her neck and temples removed.

At the risk of giving herself a cold Grace lived much of the time with her left ankle on exhibition, and were out a rubber garter snapping it with impatience. We studied the powdered spot with magnifying and opera-glasses, with the naked eye and under the direct rays of the sun. To our consternation, we were actually able to see the decapitated capillaries pushing up through the skin and out into the air after the third day. In a week they had doubled in ength. We flew back to the madame, showed the spot to her, demanded an explanation and the return of the three dollars, and threatened expo are in court. With the suavity of a French maid she offered to take back the goods, but said it would be wise to give a fair trial and comply with the directions on the box.

"You can't expect extermination at once." she said. "Repeat the treatment and continue the application for a week, until the roots of the hairs have become weakened, when, of course

they will cease to grow." Guilible to the last, we bolstered our faith. followed her advice, and to-day Grace has the most comical-looking ankle I ever saw on a mortal. The almost imperceptible hair came out a sort of pale Titian red wherever the depilstory was applied; more than that, it came out a dozen hairs to every cell, so that the little widow is literally tasselled over a space of six inches. It is needless to say that the delicate mustache will not be molested. GRAY HATE PARRIONABLE.

It was in another store that I heard the re-

"I'm sorry, madam, but it is impossible." "Are you sure ?"

"It is absolutely out of the question, madam. A slender, rather fresh-faced young matror had left her carriage in front of a Fourteentl treet establishment where time's ravages upor the beauty of the female face are repaired with neatness and celerity, and was discussing a cer-tain matter warmly with the clerk in charge. But it would become me so much, don't you

'Unquestionably it would, but it cannot be

"Are you sure of that? I saw Mrs. Brown yesterday with the loveliest gray hair I ever aw, and she isn't a day older than I am." She wore a wig.

"I don't believe it." But it is true nevertheless," replied the clerk, "and I know it because we made it here."

After the young matron had left the shop the clerk, turned to the writer with a sigh of relief and observed:

That is the tenth so far this week."

Tenth what?" I asked.
Tenth miracle-seeker. You have no idea of the craze there is for gray hair. Young women. pecially those with fresh complexions, are absolutely wild about it. It gives to a face that is not striking a certain effect that must be seen to be appreciated. I don't wonder that the women all envy the owner of a fine head of gray-hair. But graying the hair is beyond the hair-dresser's art. We can make hair yellow as gold, red as copper, black as a raven's wing and brown red as copper, black as a raven's wing and brown the cost of a deer in winter, but gray is on of our power. We can often make wigs of gray which would defy detection. You remember the late Matthew Arnold's visit to America? When he was in Washington he said, with his accustomed candor, that he had met there the haudsomest woman in the world. She was the wife of ex-Senator Joseph A. McDonald, of Indiana. Mrs. McDonald is a slender woman, with flashing dark gray eyes, a complexion of peaches and cream, and has a wonderful head of whitish gray hair. She would be an ordinary looking woman were it not for her bair.

" Is there no way of graying the hair by arti-

ficial means ?" 'Yes, but the artifice is transparent. Women can use powder sprinked over the bair after i is arranged, but unless they have black or very dark brown hair the effect is bad. The man who can invent some other method has a fortun within his grasp. He opened a few boxes that he took down from

a shelf. They were filled with tresses of various colors and of various lengths. ' Here is a fine head of yellow," he said. "It

worth \$10. Here is one of brown that I will sell for half that som. But for one pound of gray or white hair I will

pay eight hundred dollars. There is not one woman out of a thousand who has a pound of hair on her head. Women who have half a pound are extremely rare, and most women only have from three to five ounces. That is not half enough for a wig. Look at these. Here the wigmaker displayed a lot of bunche

varying in bulk and length, and of all imaginable tints save white or gray. There were bunches of brown, yellow, black and red. They were worth from three to ten dollars each and represented the entire market value of a wo man's head of hair. Such a lot only brought to the owner a bare dollar, or perhaps less. 'No," added the wigmaker in conclusion

"I would not advise a young woman to cut off her bair and sell it unless she happens to have either gray or white hair. An ordinary head of hair will not bring as much as will pay for r plain switch, and as for a wig, it will not pay for Copyright, 1889.



The Reviving Effect of Hood's Sarsaparilla on people who have been all run down is really remarkable. It completely evercomes: "That Tired Feeling," cures slok headache, indigestion and dyspepsia. Be Sure to Get Hood's Sersapardia. Prepared by "But a man's vanity is partly lodged in his | C. L. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

PLEASANT LITTLE ANECDOTES FROM THE JOKERS PENS.

No Gagetteer.



Hotel Clerk-I'd have taken my oath that man was an Englishman, and yet he registers from

> Had Met Them. [From Time.]

Stranger (to bicycle rider) -Are you acquainted with the roads around here, my friend? Bicycle Rider (pointing to the soars on his face -Yes, I've met them quite often.

The "Sansy" Humanitarian.

| From Munsey's Weskly. "She's the sassiest woman I ever applied to for a bite. "How did you find that out ?"

"Well, she offered me cold tomate sonp and stale bread, and I said I thought a little cake would do me good." "She said if it was a cake of soap she thought

At the Authors' Club.

Brown-Who is that seedy-looking individual with the long hair? Jones-That is Starvling, the renowned poet

His great masterpiece was published in the last number of **eribbler's Magazine.

Brown—And who is that well-dressed gentle-man who just snubbed him so unmercifully ?

Jones—He is also a poet. He writes the adver-tisements for Plum's scap. Justifiable Hemicide.

(From the Somerellis Jonesial.)
"How came the jury to acquit the prisoner: asked the astonished stranger. "The evidence all went to show, did it not, that he killed the "Yes," replied the juryman, "but it also appeared in evidence, before you came in, that the man he killed always persisted in saying 'Is that so?' whenever anybody told him a bit of news."

Bla One Accomplishment.

"My young friend," said an active man of Mairs, addressing a youth of dudish proclivistees and languid graces, "what have you accom-plished in this world? What can you do better than any other man?"
"Well, for one thing I can keep alive easier than you can."

Charity, Sweet Charley. [From Munsey's Weekly.] " Madam, can't you give me something to eat haven't had a mouthful for two days. "Certainly, you poor creature. Take this

piece of chewing gum. If treated kindly, it will last you four days. Returned with Thank .

Mrs. Pancake (to tramp)-Well, what do you Tramp-Here, mum, is der pie I stold off yer wludow yesterday. There may be two or three teeth stickin' in it, but otherwise 'tain't hurt

A Burglar Alarm

| From the Chicago Tribute, Mrs. Billus (while giving Mr. B. a curtain lec ture at a late hone)-Hark! What's that? I hear a noise in the cellar. John, I'm sure it's a

burglar!
Mr. Billus (getting out of bed)—I'll fix him.

Accounting for the Heat.

Miss Ohelia Raves writes very fervidly," remarked McCork'e.

'1 cs., "assented McCrackle. "I understand also uses sheets of flame instead of sheets of paper in the preparation of her manuscript."

The Critical Tramp. [From Munney's Weakly,] "Shall you return to New Jersey next Sum mer. Bill?"
No. I shall try the White Mountains. They didn't set a good table here in Jersey."

An Automnal Advantage.



First Seedy Dude-I like cool weather for one Second Seedy Dude-What's that ? "You can button your coat up to your chin without creating the suspicion that it is the ab-sence of a clean shirt that forces you to do at."



PRICE BAKING POWDER CO.,

NOTHER CASE OF WHAT IS OCCUR. RING DAILY AND HOURLY UN-DER OUR VERY EYES.

Struck down at his deak-dead. What was the mat firmek down it his constant with thousands upon thousands of others—brain and nerve enhancism from verwork, fret, worry and the cares and anxieties of the retwork, firt, worly and to carry and anxieties of the cushing and hustling age to which we live.

People without number are straining their brains and

pervous systems in the mad race after fortune and fame pervous systems in the most of the cause, and exhausting their pervous and physical energies until sleepless nights. falling powers, complete nervous ex-baustion, paralysis, insanity or death must be the inevitable end unless help from some source to re-

You, reader, are rushing blindly on to sure destruction. You are warned every day and every hour of your tions. You are walled to the strange sensa-tions, that dull, dixxy and bad feeling head, that restlessness, irritability and nervousness; by nose more or less sleepless pights, from wale wake tired and surefreshed; by the weak, trem-bling, cold limbs, by the languer and sense of nervous and physical exhaustion which g upon you more and more. These are dauger signals, and not to need them is the folly of a fooi,

What is to be done? The answer is plain enough. You are losing your nerve force and power and running down in strength, energy and vitality. Whatever will restore this lost strength and vigor to the brain and nerves will put you again in sound health and strength.
This is precisely what Dr. Greene's Nervurs, the great brain and nerve invigorant, will do. As a restorer of nerve force, a builder up of nerve power, vigor and energy, this wonderful remedy has no equal in the world. You can have no idea until you try it of its marvellous toning, strengthening and invigorating effects, its beneficial and healthful action as a brain and nerve restorative. It is purely vegetable and perfectly harmless, and can be obtained at any drag store for \$1 per bottle. Read This and Do Not Neglect Yourself One

Moment Longer.

From constant worry over business matters I sufficient from loss of elsey and because so nervous that I was many trely undired for my business and was compelled to give it up. In fact, I feared insanity. Seeing Dr. Greene's Nervura spoken of so highly, I obtained a bottle and commenced its use. The effect was almost magical. I could again sleep, mental composure, appetite and strength returned. Six bottles of this remedy cured me and I have remained well to this date. I have recommended Dr. Greene's Nervura to, many o ny friends and neighbors and have yet to learn of a for wre to obtain good results.

S. W. NOURSE, Hudson, Mass.

Dr. Greens, the famous specialist in the cure of nervous and chronic diseases, of 35 West 14th st. New York, can be consulted, free of charge, personally or by

230 6th ave. A full line of Ladies and Gentlemen's Clothing for Fall and Winter. Easy terms to all with-out security. West Side Installment Co., 230 6th ave., entrance 65 West 15th st.

Credit to All; West Side Installment Co.

TURN VEREIN'S NEW HOME.

A PALATIAL MANSION JUST COMPLETED FOR THEM IN YORKVILLE.

They Will Take Possession To-Night After a Torchlight Parade-Two Years Have Been Spent in Its Erection-Conveniences for the Members in the way of Handsome Rooms.

"A sound body makes a sound mind." This is the English translation of an inscripion over the grand entrance to one of the handsomest buildings of upper New York, and the

largest Turn Hall in the country.

It is the new home of the Central Turn Verein of New York, and is located just east of Third avenue on the north side of Sixty-seventh street. It is the work of two years, under the supervision of Architect Albert Wagner. The building is 175 feet front by 100 deep, and 130 feet nigh. The front is of yellow pressed brick. The grand entrance reveals a beautiful lobby in pure marble and broad marble staircases,

lighted by an immense chandeller provided with electric and gas jet . The main assembly and ballroom and theatre occupies the whole of the top floor, and is one of the most capacious and brilliant ballrooms in the city, with a stage twenty-live feet deep at the eastern end.

On the other floors are reception-rooms, bowling alleys, billiard-rooms, clock-rooms, smoking-rooms, fencing-rooms, shower, sitz and plungs baths.

smoking-rooms, fencing-rooms, shower, sits and plunge baths.
Last evening the press were given a private view of the building and a reception by the Bridding Comm ttee; and to-night the Central Turn Verein will take formal possession of their new home and begin gayest of festivities, which will continue there days and nights.

The new building will cost them nearly \$1,000,000, only \$4250,000 of which has been spent in advance of the Verein's ability. Jacob Ruppert has a mortgage on the property for that amount.

Ruppert has a mortgage on the property for hat amount.

This evening the members will gather at the old hall in East Seventy-seventh street, and will give a torchlight parade brilliant with fireworks, which will end at the hall, where the architect will deliver the keys to Jacob Ruppert, Chairman of the Buil ling Committee, and he is turn to Judge Charles J. Nehrbas. Fresident of Central Turn Verein.

There is a school for children of members connected with the Turn Verein, and Instructor George Brosens teaches 800 little boys and girls, most of whom are attendants at the public schools, every afternoon from 4 to 7 o'clock the art of physical culture. Other studies are taught by competent tutors.

On Monday these children will assemble at 6 o'clock at the old building, parade through many streets, and finally gather at the new hall, where, in the evening, they will give an entertainment.

SKUNKTOWN'S NAME.

Blackbird, an Indian Historian and Grammarian, Shows It's Derivation. Blackbird, the Ottawa and Chippewa historian and grammarian, according to the

Ypsilantian, says Chicago is derived from

'she-gog-ong," the locative case of "she-gog," an Ottawa word mesning skunk: and in his grammar he illustrates with these declensions: LOCATIVE. She-gog-ong ne-de-zhaw, I am going to Chicago. She-gcg-ong e-shawn, go to Chicago, OBJECTIVE. She-gog ne-ne-saw. I kill the skunk. She gog ke-ne-saw, you kill the skunk. She-gog-won o-ne-sawn, he kills the skunk. A Base Advantage.

> "Do you like the national game, Miss High-Baseball? Yes, indeed. There's only one

thing in it I don't like."
"Yes? And that?"
"Is because the players seem to take all the base advantage they can."
And it was not until long after that it flashed across the Gothamite that she referred to "stealing second."

From Time. 1

DYSENTERY in children cared by MONELL'S TAY'S